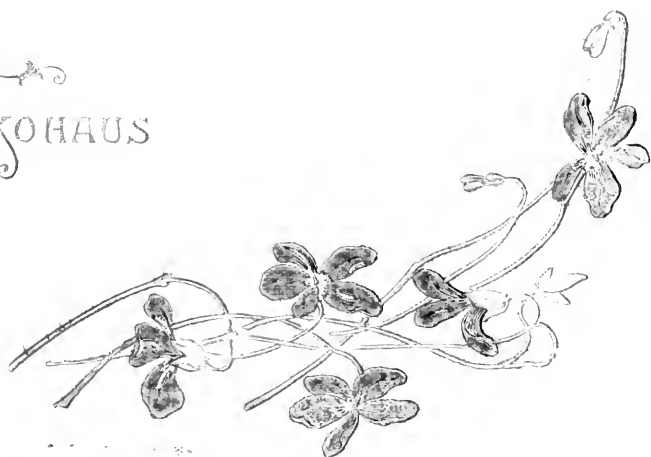




Song
of
the
Sinner

HANNAH
MORE KOHAUS



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



SOUL-FRAGRANCE

BY

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS

Author of "Between the Lines," "Blossoms of Universal Truth," etc.



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Soul-fragrance is pure thought,
In living words inwrought ;
And in its essence lies,
Life's perfume in disguise.

LIVING CREEDS.

Adorn thy brow with virtue's leaves,
Impearl thy lips with truth ;
Illumine thine eyes with honest smiles,
And innocence of youth.

Set now thy words with accents kind,
And gem with love thy deeds ;
Jewel thy heart with holy thoughts,
And cast away dead creeds.

MY HEART, MY SOUL, AND I.

I asked my heart one weary day,
 Why it was always sighing,
And in reply I heard it say :
 "I dread the moments flying ;
I hear, methinks, the tread of hours,
 With their relentless speeding,
Sweep like a whirlwind's mighty powers,
 Destruction all unheeding.

"I hear a sound of rocks and stones,
 In rushing waters falling ;
And savage voices, wild with moans,
 Out in the darkness calling.
I fear what is to-morrow's lot,
 With its uncertain trials ;
I dread because I know not what
 Contain its hidden vials."

"O foolish heart, thy sense betrays ;
 'Tis shadows that thou fearest ;
The merry wind's sweet melodies
 Among the trees thou hearest ;
The falling rocks, in waters wild,
 Are sounds from splashing fountains ;

The moaning voices, echoes mild,
From far-off, hollow mountains."

And thus I spake, my timid heart
To comfort and enlighten ;
New strength and courage to impart
Where ignorance did frighten ;
And as we chatted on it seemed
My heart and I were dual—
Two selves that on each other beamed
As sparkles from one jewel.

Another day I asked my soul
Why it was always singing,
No matter what Time's chalice dole,
As day by day 'twas swinging ;
And in a still, small voice it said :
"My light is clear and shining,
No heavy night can o'er me spread,
No clouds of dark repining.

"I see from out my lofty place,
The past, to-day, to-morrow,
And knowing how the three embrace,
There is no cause for sorrow ;
No cause for fear nor dread, not e'en
The weighing of a feather,

For all things work—seen or unseen—
In harmony together.”

“Amen ! so let it be !” said I,
There's justice in the measure ;
For every human sob and sigh,
Shall be an equal pleasure ;
For every pang of trial borne,
For every hour benighted,
For every sense with anguish torn,
Let be my heart requited.”

And now it seemed that we were three—
Three sparkles intertwining—
A sacred, mystic trinity,
In unity combining ;
My heart all human, meet for pain,
My soul, of race supernal,
And I, possessor of the twain,
Linked by the Hand Eternal.

UNCROWNED.

I'd rather be a little wayside flow'r,
And feel my mission blest,
If some lone child of earth would gather me
To wear upon its breast ;
A lowly flow'r nigh hid by sheltering grass,
Than one whose blushes grace
The open thoroughfares, its petals fair
Enriched with costly lace.

I'd rather be a sunbeam pure and bright,
To break the valley's gloom ;
To penetrate the tiniest buds of hope,
And burst them into bloom ;
I'd rather be a ray of gentle light,
Than be a sun whose heat
Consumes with passion unsuppressed the
flow'rs
That blossom at its feet.

I'd rather be a song bird on the wing,
The ether blue my gauge,
Than sing the song of petted bondage, bar'd
Within a golden cage ;

I'd rather be a song bird, wild and free,
And chant a psalm of praise,
To thrill the night of agony into
The dawn of better days.

I'd rather be a purling mountain rill,
Leaping from rock to rock,
Adown thro' meadows, clover-red, to greet
The herdsman's thirsty flock,
Than be an ocean whose gigantic jaws
With mocking laughter foam,
While its luxurious, coral-fretted couch
Robs many a happy home.

I'd rather be a lesser light to-day,
And pen some simple line,
To nestle in a troubled heart and make
Its inner walls to shine,
Than volume upon volume fill with lore
So wise 'twill mystify—
So far beyond the reach of daily need,
The masses pass it by.

I'd rather be one of the humble poor,
And eat their hardened crust,
Than pile up millions 'till my bartered soul
Corrodes with selfish rust ;
I'd rather mingle with the jostling throng,
Than wear a diadem,
If I could heal the bleeding heart of one
Who touched my garment's hem.

THE LIVING BREATH.

Spirit of God, oh move upon
The waters of my soul ;
Vibrate its thousand living strings,
And make me truly whole.

Spirit of God, oh quicken me
With spiritual life ;
Let me be born anew and thus
With quickening power be rife.

Spirit of God, I open wide
My inmost soul to thee ;
Come in, come in and here abide,
To make me wholly free.

Spirit of God, oh thought divine,
With ceaseless action thrill
Me into conscious oneness with
God-Life, God-Love, God-Will.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It stands in the midst of the Garden of God,
With its leaves upturned to the light,
Its limbs outstretched as if to itself
The weary world to invite.

Its lofty height extending to heaven,
Its vast, immeasurable girth,
Is freighted with numberless precious gifts,
As its branches bend to the earth.

On its topmost bough, with effulgent glow,
Gleams the radiant morning star,
Whose glorious beams unwaveringly shine,
That all may behold it afar.

Below is suspended from every twig,
Full more than the heart can hold,
Of everything good, to make the earth glad—
Yea, all that the soul can unfold.

How eagerly some have gleaned from the
ground,
Beneath this wonderful Tree,

A few bright gems which dropped to the
earth,

Unmindful of what there might be

Awaiting above, if they hungered more,

And lifted the drooping head

To where they could gaze on its marvelous
gifts,

In abundance over them spread !

And the weary captives, the Mammon-bound
slaves,

Who have fed upon empty husks,

Half starved for the want of the bread of
heaven,

As they grope in the wintry dusk.

If they did but know of the Garden of God,

If they would but come and see,

And adorn themselves with the beautiful
gifts,

How comforted all might be.

O souls, look up to the Tree divine,

That covers you with its arms,

But waiting to give, with a lavish hand,
Its peerless, immortal charms.

Reach up, reach high to its furthestmost
boughs,
And gather its jewels in ;
Be now made happy, and whole, and wise,
As you never before have been.

Heed not if your eyes grow dim ; these gems
Through the gathering mist now grasp,
And feel what it is in your heart of hearts,
All infinite good to clasp.

No hand but thine own can gather the gifts,
No soul but thine own can wrest
The priceless store from this Christmas Tree
And place it within thy breast.

O Tree in the midst of the Garden of God !
O wonderful, life-laden Tree !
Thy gems and jewels are Spirit enwrought,
For thy sap is of Deity.

PEACE.

I come with footsteps light as shadow's fall,
And with soft fingers, tenderer than tears,
I gently drop the curtains, silken-fringed,
And veil with velvet mufflers wakeful ears.

I'm no one's foe, but rather, friend to all
Impersonal my vigils and my care ;
The wild beast, well subdued, the timid bird,
Alike my boundless supervision share.

I close the petals of the flowers, while love,
My oft companion—we are sister twins—
With fingers deft and dainty as my own,
Seals fast their satin lids with diamond
pins.

I make the aged forget their feebleness,
Their whitened locks, their three-score
years and ten,
And over flower-sprinkled hills of youth,
With footsteps young and lithe they roam
again.

I wipe out years of parting, and although
Vast oceans roll between, I blot out space;
Within my happy portals once again,
The well beloved with tender clasp embrace.

I give the mother back her long-lost child,
E'en though death's valley it has crossed ;
and I
Cradle the infant ; hush its moaning wail,
And, for the mother, kiss away its sigh.

I make the poor to sit at sumptuous feasts ;
To drink the wine of life, in purple clad ;
Great clusters of hope's roses strew beneath
Their joyous feet to make them still more
glad.

Behind my doors the false again are true ;
Old friends no longer meet as bitter foes ;
And o'er the wayward one, with loving hand,
Sweet Charity her snow-white mantle
throws

What potency like mine, pain to erase ?

I paint new scenes and fancies o'er the spot
Where fever burned, where sorrow wept, and
lo!

The nameless grief and pain are quite forgot.

Kings bow to me. If I but touch their heads

The crown of jewels, set in bands of care,
Drops off—a crown of peace lies there, bestud

With gems whose blissful radiance pass
compare.

I calm the restless thoughts and with my
breath

I hold the frenzied one serene and still.

I wonder, is there monarch in the world

Whose scepter rules more mightily at will?

O weary world, thy guardian angel I !

I hear thy call and hold thee to my breast ;
Untiring, changeless, long as time endures,
I'll shelter thee beneath my wings of rest.

THE UNVEILING OF TRUTH.

How many, many ages
Has Truth remained concealed
E'en while its hidden features
To earnest souls appealed !
For through the heavy veiling,
And 'neath the deep-laid hem,
Was outlined, in the shadow,
The glow of many a gem.

Erect it stands, supremely,
The one and only cause
Of all that is or will be,
And all that ever was ;
Although upon its drapery
The dust of cycles rest,
And superstition's darkness
Veils deeper yet its breast.

The mysteries that lingered
Around its massive base ;
The power its form suggested,
Could one behold its face ;

The charm its graces hinted,
The glory it betrayed,
Art, ism, song and science
With eagerness essayed.

Sage after sage has striven,
With earnest effort true,
And steadfast, tireless purpose,
To pierce the curtain through ;
Philosopher and scholar,
Great poets, young and old,
Consumed the midnight hours
Unraveling a fold.

They deemed that whosoever
Unveiled almighty Truth,
Would find surpassing beauty,
Also immortal youth ;
Unmeasured stores of wisdom,
Strength of unequaled might,
Love, life eternal, riches,
With gems of untold light.

So here and there a jewel,
And now and then a pearl

Has fallen down the ages,
 Into life's eddying whirl ;
And hungry hearts have garnered,
 With greedy hands, each gem,
And treasured it till nearly
 They formed its diadem.

But in this generation,
 This day of waking thought,
When sects and creeds are crumbling
 And caste reduced to naught,
The veil is slowly falling
 From Truth's long-hidden face,
And many are beholding
 Its majesty and grace.

And many more are tasting
 A little of its power,
And growing in its greatness
 More wise from hour to hour ;
More beautiful and youthful,
 More loving, just and true,
As one by one its virtues
 Come perfectly to view.

And what is now revealing
Truth standing on its throne,
The Alpha and Omega
Of all that can be known?
What hand is now unveiling
Its face since time began?
The divining soul of woman,
Within the mind of man.

He who possesses courage
To gaze unflinchingly
Into its unveiled grandeur,
Shall know all mystery ;
While he who dares embrace it—
Perfection, life impearled—
Becomes a mighty victor—
The master of the world.

THREE WORDS.

There came to me one midnight hour
Three words endued with wondrous power;
They flashed athwart my darkened sight,
Like shafts of pure, celestial light,
And turned the night to day complete;
Three simple words, but oh, how sweet,
Love faileth never !

Aye, suns may rise but suns will set ;
The dearest earthly ones forget ;
The bravest heart may change or fall,
But love, God-love, endures through all—
All times ; all states ; 'twill never cease,
O words enfraught with heavenly peace,
Love faileth never !

Preserving me from changeful fate ;
Divesting every care of weight ;
Till duty but a pleasure seems,
And life is filled with golden gleams,
That penetrate its every niche ;
O words so wonderfully rich,
Love faileth never !

So near, it could not closer be ;
Near as myself it is to me ;
Mine to avail for every need,
In every path to guide and lead ;
Always at hand, unvarying, too—
O words most beautiful and true,
Love faileth never !

Imprinted where my eyes can see ;
Engraven on my memory,
Burned deep within my soul, I hold
These words with power so manifold ;
That wrapped me in a close embrace,
Like child and Father face to face--
Love faileth never !

ONE OF GOD'S ANGELS.

Dejected and lone I was sitting,
Perplexed and encumbered with care ;
Beside me had fallen my knitting,
With an accent of utter despair ;
When suddenly came a low rapping,
Disturbing my desolate mood,
A gentle, uncertain-like tapping,
As pleading, yet loath to intrude.

"Come in," answered I, sadly weary,
And wondering if stranger or friend,
Had come to my dwelling so dreary,
Some comfort to borrow or lend ;
That instant the door flew wide open,
Admitting a presence so bright,
Ere even a greeting was spoken,
Solicitude vanished outright.

I begged my guest to be seated,
Not trying my welcome to hide,
And ere I had fully entreated,
It nestled close down by my side ;
Around me its soft arms twining,

It brushed from my brow wrinkled
care,
And lulled all my bitter repining
To sleep with a melody rare.

Together we rose ; gently lingering,
We traversed the rooms to and fro ;
Whatever it touched, softly fingering,
Assumed a new beauty and glow ;
My chamber's lone aspect and feature,
Transfigured to such a degree,
E'en I was a newly made creature,
On liberty's wings soaring free.

Upborne beyond trial and duty,
Cold, hunger, grief, languor and years,
It lent me its youth and its beauty,
Its smiles flashing brightly thro' tears ;
It burnished dull life with such splendor,
I grasped its gilt cordage again,
And clung to its threads frail and slender,
Till reaching a loftier plane.

It told me its name was Immortal,
And said it would tarry with me ;

Then carefully locking the portal,
It threw me the silvery key ;
For the door at which it was rapping—
Through which it an entrance had
sought—
Was only my heart, the guest rapping,
A beautiful, God-given thought.

DEATHLESS FAME.

The question comes home to us now and
then,
Have we love enough for our fellow-
men?
Do our hearts rebound with an eager
throb,
But to enrich them, never to rob ?

'Tis not with meaningless words we love,
But with deeds that speak and actions
that prove.
Then love with a flame like consuming
fire,
Burning all bitterness, envy, ire.

Love, till you shatter the stoniest heart,
Till the frozen tear-drops melt and start;
Till the wayward wanderers you reclaim,
Changing to beauty their rags of shame.

Love till you break every barrier down
And the ghost of remembrance too, you
drown ;

Till the children greet you with joyous
cry,
And the poor "God bless you!" as you
pass by.

Love till the feeling's akin to pain,
A tenderness that you can not restrain;
Then the angel, recording, will write
your name,
On the page with the Christ's, of death-
less fame.

BUD OF WISDOM.

“Dear mother, what’s that blue above
our heads ?
As far as eye can reach it overspreads.”

“By some the name of ‘sky’ to it is given;
By poets, sometimes called the ‘floor of
heaven.’”

“And what is on the other side the blue?
Can eyes like yours or mine ere pierce it
through ?”

“’Tis penetrated by no mortal eyes ;
Know you, my child, our heavenly home
there lies.”

“Our heavenly home? What makes it
such, pray tell ?
How differs that from this in which we
dwell ?

“ Our heavenly Father in that home
abides ;

And where heaven is there love alone
presides."

"And is our heavenly Father, God? Is
He
The one to whom we daily bend the
knee?"

"Yes, child! He is the God of whom I
spoke
To you this morning when you first
awoke."

"How can it be then that He bides but
there?
You said this morn that God was every-
where.
Now where is everywhere? Is it not
here,
As well as way up yonder, mother, dear?"

"Be silent, little one, and go to sleep!
You can not understand God's mysteries
deep."

“One question more, my mother, if you
will ;
Please tell me what is God ? and I'll be
still.”

“Why so persistent, child? What would
you prove ?
The good Book says—and truly—‘God is
love.’”

“God everywhere ?—and love ?—why,
can't you see,
The whole world's full of love as it can
be ?

And while I lie here thinking it all o'er,
It seems to me this earth is heaven's
floor,

As well as yonder blue you call the sky,
And which to tread you say that one
must die.

Our heavenly home is here as well as
there,
If love is God, and God is everywhere.

Can you not see? To me 'tis clear as
light;
I'm sleepy now, my mother—dear—good
night."

WHAT THINK YOU?

Is living a failure ?

Is life all in vain?

Do we wrest with its problems,

And strive to explain

The why and the wherefore

Of that and of this,

The sweetness of sorrow,

The danger of bliss ?

Is it merely for naught,

Or is living with deeper signif-

icance fraught ?

Is living a failure ?

Is it only the dream

Of a world-wearied traveler

On the bank of life's stream ?

Has it never a purpose,

A thought, word, or deed

To live throughout ages,

And bear kindred seed ?

Are things what they seem

Or is there reality back of the

dream ?

We trample the roses
Of earth 'neath our feet,
And mingle their ashes
With dust of the street ;
But the kindlier breezes
Their hearts will convey
To a region where nothing
Is known of decay ;
To smile in our face,
Some day unexpected, with love-
lier grace.

Is living a failure ?
Is life but a dream ?
O ask of the watcher
Who catches a gleam
Of the radiance eternal
Now mounting the sky,
Proclaiming the real
Of life can not die ;
'Tis only the crust
Of the same that returneth dust
unto dust.

Nay, life is no failure
To one who has learned
That the problems of being
Are not to be spurned,
But grappled with fearlessly,
Many or few,
'Till the shadowy seeming
Has vanished from view ;
And the lessons, tho' hard,
The soul with the conflict is
strengthened, not marred.

And the one who is willing,
To daily lay down
His life for a purpose,
If cross or if crown ;
Who knows that an action,
A thought, or a deed,
Will bear a like fruitage
If flower or weed ;
That each spoken word
Is sure of fulfillment if silent or
heard;

To such life is earnest ;
 Example its goal,
And the key of salvation
 For each living soul ;
As measure for measure,
 Of good or of ill,
Returns to the giver
 His life-cup to fill ;
And life is no failure ;
 Man lives not in vain ;
Each moment is freighted
 With loss or with gain ;
For living is fraught
With significance into eternity
 wrought.

THE SILENCE OF SPIRIT.

In the silence of Spirit I patiently wait
Until there shall open the beautiful gate
Of the temple celestial, whose glories, untold,
One after another to me will unfold.

In the silence of Spirit I listen to hear
The voice of all voices to me the most dear ;
For it wakens my soul to an anthem of praise,
As the rose to the sun all its beauty displays.

In the silence of Spirit I pause to be taught
The lessons of life, with sincerity fraught,—
How truly to love and how rightly to live,
How wisely withhold and how justly to give.

In the silence of Spirit I wait to be led
In the pathways where only the holy may
tread ;
Where blossoms of mercy, the fragrance of
grace,
And the fruitage of love every footprint doth
trace.

In the silence of Spirit I linger to find
The garment of life for the soul of mankind ;
To receive the new name in the purified stone
Revealed to my innermost being alone.

Oh, sweet, hallowed silence of Spirit divine !
Upon thy still bosom I love to recline,
Where, rested, refreshed, and revived through
 and through,
I come forth baptized for earth's struggles
 anew.

THESE ARE GLAD TEARS.

You know, my friend, these are glad tears
that fall ;

Not tears from some divine despair,
But fragments from some inner rapture
known,

Abiding in my soul somewhere.

I know the depths from which they spring so
free,

And whence they go when they depart.
Each drop's a seed-pearl trembling with su-
preme

Beatitudes of one full heart.

I drink the sunshine of all joys in one ;

These tears thus sparkle with the kiss
Of yearning tenderness to gently wake
Creation to its highest bliss.

To tinge the earth with the rich glow of love ;

The flowers bloom fairer and more sweet ;
The blue and gold of heav'n with all its stars,
To spread beneath the way-worn feet.

And I would gather all the weary world,
About it soft my arms entwine,
And hold it close until each throbbing heart
Could feel the happiness of mine.

Yea, these are happy, gladsome tears, my
friend,
From wells down deep within the soul,
Where center all the bliss of earth and heav'n
Combined in one eternal whole.

BEAUTIFUL HEARTS.

O, caskets of rare flowers,
Your incense floating round
Descends in rich profusion,
Like rose-leaves on the ground;
Besprinkling life's hard roadway,
Its sunless valleys, too,
With lovely, perfumed blossoms,
Creating earth anew.

Escaping from its prison,
Each odor rich and sweet,
Is restful, soothing balsam,
To wayworn, weary feet ;
Each breath that leaves its cloister,
Is moist with dew of heaven,
And falls like benediction,
In cups to mortals given.

The end therein enfolded,
O who can truly say,
What will the ripened gathering
Yield in a single day ?

How many souls he lifted,
How many bruises healed—
How may hopes rekindled,
In the world's great harvest field.

You dissipate the shadows,
From lives benumbed with pain,
You stay the hand of sorrow,
Cleaving the heart in twain ;
Your loving deeds are dropping,
Warm with the hue of love,
Upon unnumbered myriads,
Like soft rain from above.

Your fragrant, silent beauty,
Is in the world to-day,
A leaven of soul impulsing,
The sense of self away ;
Dispensing heavenly perfume,
Upon the care-oppressed—
O, hearts of true compassion,
Hope of the world's sweet rest.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

I was, I am, I evermore shall be ;
This is the truth eternal fixed for me :
But sure as God is God, so surely I—
Its image true—my “self” must deify.

I am, 'tis true. But what am I ? Ah me,
This is life's great perplexing mystery ;
And how to manifest without a flaw,
This truth of being, this eternal law.

Within this “ I ” of me is fully stored,
Infinite mind with its exhaustless hoard ;
'Tis not enough that I am I, as man,
I must reveal the great Creator's plan.

Sun, moon and stars are fashioned in my
soul ;
All living things are under my control ;
All nature's products are of me a part,
From blade of grass up to a human
heart.

And so I'll send forth blossoms till the
air
Is redolent with fragrance everywhere ;
Such wondrous fruits shall all my
branches grace,
That grapes of Canaan, blushing, hide
their face.

The beasts shall roam the fields with
god-like mien :
Only the holy shall in them be seen ;
And now shall come the long, long
looked for days
When lamb and lion shall together
graze.

The dove shall nestle in the eagle's
breast ;
The serpent slumber in the vulture's
nest ;
All storms shall hush, and whispering,
" Peace, be still,"
Through me shall operate the One God-
Will.

The light of knowledge shall within me
 dwell;

With perfect wisdom how to use it well,
And love divine to feel each human need,
And then—forget the doer and the deed.

With purest thoughts, all holy and di-
 vine,

My sun and moon shall never cease to
 shine;

The stars shall tell e'en in the darkest
 night,

From whence they borrow their effulgent
 light.

The problem then of *being* will be solved
By *doing* that which is in me involved;
Thus only can my soul reveal the plan,
That God hath hidden in the being, Man.

THE REAL AND UNREAL.

As the years of time are marching
Onward with their ceaseless tramp,
We can know the real and unreal,
Only by its worth and stamp.

Wealth oft brings a golden sorrow,
Feast walks hand in hand with death,
Fame wakes envy, beauty, malice,
Grief rocks in the cup of mirth.

Folly is allied to wisdom,
Daring is subdued by fear,
Favor blends with blame and anger,
Laughter's silenced by a tear.

Love is beautiful and changeless,
(Love that's pure and undefiled,
Glowing with the same true ardor,
In the woman, man or child.

Virtue, priceless beyond rubies,
In a crown the gem of grace,
Shines with unabated luster,
Everywhere among the race.

Goodness in its various phases,
Bears the same unselfish aim;
Justice, charity and mercy,
Age on age remain the same.

Truth is truth the wide world over,
On the scaffold or the throne :
Crowned or battered, bruised or honored,
Truth will stand though time be flown.

Only what is true and changeless,
Stands on merit of its own,
Borrows naught and knows no favor,
Is the real and that alone.

HOPE'S RISEN STAR.

The light that rose on Christmas morn,
Hath ever shone; 'twas never born.
The star that led the wise men then,
Still leads the wise, o'er field and fen,
O'er troubled waves and fruitless sands,
To waters still and pasture lands ;
Still aids the searcher's onward move,
Life's problem to resolve and prove,
Till hope's full measure will attest
The seeker with fruition blest.

Still shines the star with fingers bright,
To point blind ignorance to light;
The weary to a rest profound,
The foolish to a wisdom sound;
The thoughtless unto earnest goals,
Storm-beaten ones to sheltering folds;
The erring unto virtue's grace,
The yearning heart to love's embrace.

The lame to lean on staffs of Truth,
The aged to find immortal youth;
The dumb to speak with tongues of fire;
The deaf to hear the seraphs' choir;
The sick to consciousness of health,
The destitute to untold wealth;
The sorrowing to realms of joy,
And idle hands to sweet employ.

That brilliant star still leads the way,
To where the infant Savior lay,
Enshrined within material birth,
At home among the sons of earth,
Yet mighty to redeem mankind
From every chain that seems to bind,—
None can escape that righteous sway,
Salvation is man's destiny!

These are no broken, tuneless cords,
No poet's song of empty words;
No fluttering bird's uncertain note,
Nor theme sent meaningless afloat.

There have been years, decades of years,
Wherein the light seemed quenched in
tears;

When dark oppression's tyrant hand,
Lay mightily on all the land,
And hid the star with midnight flood,
Of clouds imbued with human blood.
But now the star appears again
To liberate the souls of men.

The floods of ignorance disperse,
Light crowds the waiting universe;
Across life's threshold brightly gleams
The shafts of understanding's beams;
The scales dropping from mortal eyes,
They catch a glimpse of paradise.

The truly wise discern afar
The appearing of the risen star;
The star that's hidden in each breast,
Awaiting the divine behest
To rise and shine and go before,
For morning breaks upon life's shore.

That radiant beam is beauteous Hope,
With aspiration winged, to ope
All mysteries; all powers gain;
All knowledge know; all good attain;
To prove the wise Creator's plan,
As imaged forth in every man.

The star hath ever shone and still
Forevermore will shine, until
All souls perceive and gently fau
The light that lighteth every man
That cometh into mortal birth,
And bides awhile a son of earth,
To living flame ; till stands revealed,
Unto his inward eyes, unsealed,
The wondrous Truth the star foretells—
Divinity in mankind dwells.

THE PERFECT BALM.

I sought a balm to heal my wounds,
For I was heavily distressed;
A healing balm whose soothing grace
Would give me perfect peace and rest.

Not one that pierced with anguish keen,
And stung with pain to make anew;
But one to make one whole indeed,
And leave no after-scar thereto.

I'd heard it said that love had power
To heal and cover sorrows o'er ;
But, what with parting, change and loss
They seemed but to increase the more.

'Twas said that pleasures held a charm
To banish thought; I proved them well,
Have tasted, in a measure, all,
But none my inward griefs dispel.

So riches, ease, new scenes, gay throngs,
They only proved a mockery ;
The merry laugh and sparkling jest
Held dregs of bitterness for me.

I pored o'er ancient books of lore,
I read the stars till midnight hours,
I dipped in ocean's mysteries,
And tore asunder helpless flowers.

And still I sought, sure there must be,
For every heart-torn wound and pain,
A potency that would efface
Without an added throb or stain.

And then I cried in agony,
As many others cry to-day,
"Oh, can there not a balm be found
To heal and wipe all grief away?"

In answer came a soft reply,
As wafted from the distant stars:
"There is a balm, but only one—
Truth heals all wounds and leaves no
scars."

ASPIRATION TO INSPIRATION.

Baptize my soul with living fire,
And let its sparks rise high and higher,
Bearing aloft the hearts of men,
To faint and falter ne'er again.

So many place their heav'n within
That hope forlorn—"the might have
 been;"
Give me the light to teach them how
Heav'n is within them here and now.

Open to me the mines of truth:
Founts of wisdom, love and youth,
The fields where fadeless flowers grow,
The gates through which the immortals
 go.

Uncover all the mysteries
Of life and death; the histories
Of stars; reveal sweet nature's birth,
And all the secrets of the earth.

I long to know what are the words
Veiled in the trilling songs of birds;
What do the winds to the branches say
To make them with such laughter sway?

What sees the brook on its pebbly floor,
To dimple with smiles its face all o'er?
What dainty viands do flowers eat
To make their breath so wondrous sweet?

Explain the strange repose called sleep,
The fantasy of dreams that sweep
Untrammelled thought. Untie the
 threads
Of life's vicissitudes and dreads.

Untangle fate's perplexing web;
The unseen power 'neath flow and ebb.
Of fortune's smiles, misfortune's frown—
One day a beggar, next a crown.

Unseal the scroll of time's long years;
Unlock the treasures of the spheres;

Give me the key to solve the plan
Of the destiny of man.

O whisper in mine ear the word—
The most transporting ever heard,
To charm away all ills and make
Humanity of bliss partake!

'Tis not for gain to self I seek—
But for the weal of man I'd speak,
Him his inheritance to bring,
And with all knowledge crown him king.

Then nought withhold, give more and
more
From out of thine exhaustless store,
To fill all lives with holy zeal,
Awaken hearts and make them feel.

As line on line thought follows thought,
O inspiration, heaven enfraught!
Out to the world it swift shall glide,
And mingle with the human tide.

A faithful messenger I'll be,
A true interpreter for thee;
O voice of God! thyself declare,
Through aspiration's fervent prayer.

THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL.

It matters not what sense declares,
Sweet songs my soul is singing,
And though my tears fall fast, I know
To what my soul is clinging.

No matter what my attitude,
Erect, or prostrate laying,
On bended knee, hands clasped or not,
My soul is always praying.

No matter how my hours are tried,
With error forms contending;
In patient trust my soul abides,
Knowing the power defending.

No matter if my feet oft stray,
When grief and pain are stalking;
In sweet repose my soul divine
With God is ever walking.

A GOLDEN REED.

A reed that measures faultless,
And lies so close at hand,
That simply for the taking
All have at their command.

Its beaten, polished surface
Is studded thick and deep
With many precious jewels
That age on ages keep.

Or, it may chance, neglected,
The jewels fade and rust,
And rankle sharp e'en after
Dust has returned to dust.

Whatever it proportions,
It marks with jealous care;
If rightly used or wrongly,
It varies not a hair.

There's naught so great nor holy,
Nor infinitely small,
But that this golden measure
Exactness deals to all.

And though so lightly handled,
Its measurement is law
That never can be broken,
So should be used with awe.

This golden reed is simply
The golden rule so true—
The measure that you measure
Will sure return to you.

MY FAIR PHYSICIAN.

Through long, dark, tiresome midnight
hours,

Through many a weary day,
Upon a couch, with suffering racked,
I tossing, moaning lay ;
Moons set, suns rose, yet no relief—
Pain did all hope consume;
I wondered did God's sun still shine,
Or was earth wrapped in gloom.

A kindly, cheerful, smiling friend
Came in my darkened room,
Threw open wide the long-closed blinds,
And light chased out the gloom;
Then close beside my couch of pain
She set a primrose, where
My weary eyes could rest and feast
Upon its freshness fair.

'Twas but a speechless, wax-like flow'r,
'Twas fragile, white and weak;

Yet in its blossoms, rich and cool,
 I buried my hot cheek;
And from that dainty flow'ret pale
 New strength I gleaned each day,
For while I watched its beauteous bloom
 My pain stole soft away.

WHAT IS GOD?

God is the goodness of the good,
The glory of the great ;
God is the beauty of the soul,
And its entire estate.

God is the justice of the just,
The wisdom of the wise,
The knowledge of the knowing one,
The life that never dies.

God is the power of the strong,
The courage of the brave,
The victory of the conqueror,
The freedom of the slave.

God is the love of loving ones,
The crown of every goal,
The virtue of the pure in heart,
The wholeness of the whole.

God is the light that ever shines,
The majesty of might,
The meekness of humility,
The righteousness of right.

God is the splendor of the stars,
The music of the spheres,
The breath of flowers, the glow of suns,
The endlessness of years.

God is the ocean, limitless,
That doth all springs supply;
God is the "I am that I am,"
The Self of every "I."

HIDDEN. YET THERE.

There is a hidden window
In the soul of every man,
Though dust-begrimed and covered
By many a cobweb span.

Though frosts of life's hard winter
Conceal its crystal panes,
In all its primal beauty
The window still remains.

O'erspread and well nigh buried
With growth of error's weeds;
Environed, choked, bespattered
With dogmas, cant, and creeds.

Yet sometime, somewhere, surely,
In the here, or after here,
A strong hand's mighty sweeping
Will show it shining clear.

A shower from heav'n descending,
Or wave of sacred heat,
Will cleanse and burn and harrow
The barriers down complete.

No soul so dark, so withered,
But has its window fair,
And He whose hand has fashioned,
Will also find it there.

It is a perfect window;
Four-square, transparent, clean;
And love divine will pierce it
Till through the light is seen.

THE KEY OF LIFE.

Oh where shall we search for the key
That will solve the problem of life?
Is it lost in the labyrinth of time,
Midst the tumult of toil and strife?

Is it covered with mold and rust,
By the waters of grief and pain?
Is it hid from the gaze of men
By the getting of sordid gain?

Is it buried with those who are gone,
The beautiful, good, and great?
Nay, that can not be ; there are still
So many who search and wait.

So the problem is here to be solved,
How man shall eternally live;
And somewhere is hidden the key,
The answer correctly to give.

Then where shall we search? Knowest
thou

A secret place no one may find,
But he who alone guards the gate
Of the innermost temple of mind?

Ah, there lies the mystical key,
As perfect as truth and as bright,
But waiting in beauty and strength
To be brought into living daylight.

Then would'st thou be wise in thy
search,

And the problem of life understand,
Seek the true in thyself, and the key
Thou wilt hold in thy strong right
hand.

WHICH?

I am in love with Love—God-Love,
And I would fain
Entwine it in my heart of hearts,
For righteous gain.

I am in love with Good—All-Good,
And I will feed
My soul upon its substance sure,
With lavish greed.

I am in love with Truth—God-Truth;
E'en now I feel
Its potency omnipotent
All ills to heal.

I am in love with Light—God-Light,
And now through me
It shall reflect the God-derived
Divinity.

I am in love with Mind—God-Mind;
In It I see
The Wisdom, Power, Intelligence,
That is for me.

I am in love with Peace—God-Peace;
It bathes my soul
With waters tranquil, pure and sweet,
Which make me whole.

And I will love; love more and more,
Drawing to me
The all of Love that is contained
In Deity.

Then will I permeated be,—
Dyed with its dye,—
Until I know not which is Love,
Or which is I.

FOR PITY'S SAKE.

Sad eyed pity, pale with weeping,
 Leaned her face upon her hand,
Grief in every line depicted,
 As she gazed athwart the land.

Pity's soul was very tender,
 Very gentle, pure and true;
Held indeed all noble virtues,
 Still she knew not what to do.

How her heart was wrung with anguish,
 As her efforts to assuage
Human woe, or lessen sorrow,
 Were unheeded age on age.

Here were millions upon millions,
 Pressed to earth with grievous care;
Seen or unseen, every creature
 Did some heavy burden bear.

"If I had but wings," she faltered,
 "That would cover everyone,
'Neath the shadow of my nature,
 Something haply might be done.

"If my hands could be divided,
 Into myriad hands—ah, then
I could lift the tiresome burdens,
 Crushing out the hopes of men.

"If my eyes could weep in torrents
 That would wash away all woe,
Sightless, through eternal ages,
 I would be content to go.

"If my heart in countless fragments,
 Wet with life-blood could be torn,
Giving each a mite of pity,
 There might come a glorious morn.

"All earth's treasures," low she mur-
 mured,
"All the world has to bestow,

Were they mine, I'd gladly forfeit,
For the power to conquer woe.

"If there's aught in earth or heaven,
That can misery's shackles break,
Angels, ministers of love," she pleaded,
"Send redress for pity's sake!"

O'er her head an angel hovering,
Heard her murmurings as she wept;
Gathered up her tears and waited
Till she bowed her head and slept.

Now the angel—thought embodied—
Preened its wings that covered space ;
Spread its hands with myriad fingers,
Touched the brow of many a face;

Waking there a new-born impulse,
Clad with love that deifies;
Warmed it into life and being,
With a tear from pity's eyes.

Then with magic touch so deftly,
That no eye could catch its art,
Sealed it with a tiny fragment
Of sweet pity's broken heart.

Years on years did pity slumber,
With her head upon the rock;
But one morning came the angel,
And her eyelids soft unlock.

Opened were her lips, but speechless,
Overwhelmed with glad surprise,
As she gazed adown the valley
At the sight that met her eyes.

Gone were all the weary burdens,
Heartache, want, grief and despair;
Opulence and peace and gladness
Reigned abundant everywhere.

On a throne sat sombre justice,
At her side stood radiant love,

Who with gentle, warm caresses,
Oft her fingers softly glove.

Purity clasped hands with beauty,
Hope embraced faith's holy light;
Truth stood firmly; freedom fearless;
Honor arm in arm with right.

Every heart burned with compassion;
Sympathy lit every face;
Who or what had wrought this blessing:
Heaven and hell exchanging place!

Pity gazed and gazed in wonder,
Wiping happy tears away,
Thinking of the woeful misery
She had seen but yesterday.

Thinking of her heart's entreaty,
With unselfish longing fraught,
Till her very being melted,
As it were, into a thought.

Thought, with omnipresent pinions;
Thought, omnipotent to do;
Thought, omniscient, all-creative;
Still she questioned what, and who?

Then the angel, o'er her hovering,
Seeing she was quite distraught,
Wreathed her brow with lilies, whisper-
ing,
"Done, all done by pity's thought."

LITTLE WHITE ROSE.

Once walking abroad, I chanced to spy,
On a highway where vast crowds passed
by,

A little white rose with a modest air,
Dispersing its fragrance everywhere.

I drank deep draughts of its odors sweet
To permeate every sense complete;
With admiration and awe combined,
I gazed on the loveliness there confined.

And many besides myself were there,
Noting the grace of this flowret fair,
None feared to gaze, for all were en-
chained
With the perfect purity there unfeigned.

There were dauntless eyes and eyes full
of fears;
Some swimming in laughter, others in
tears;

Some were beclouded with error and
 crime,
Some softened with youth, others dim'd
 with time.

There were royal eyes with the lofty
 stare,
And orbs of the dark-browed son were
 there;
But a shower of fragrance this little
 white rose
Alike and as lavish on all bestows.

Its velvet leaves were not folded away,
As if "I am holier than thou," they'd say;
Nor its golden petals drawn coldly with-
 in,
As if they avoided pollution and sin.

But its beauty and fragrance went out to
 all;
It shrank from none, either great or
 small;

It had no fear for degraded or vile,
So pure in itself it knew no guile.

Thou emblem of innocence rare to see,
Would that earth's habitants learned of
thee

The lesson thou dost so gently impart,
A blossom so sweet of the pure in heart.

THE UNKNOWN.

Into the unknown deep I plunge;
Faith is my leading star;
Hope is the radiance whose fair beams
Lighteth the way afar.

Patience the guard and love the guide;
Wisdom the beckoning hand,
Into the regions broad and vast,
Nigh to this unseen land.

Turbulent seas I know must be crossed,
Billows, though dashing high;
But o'er the waters dark I'll hear,
"Be not afraid, 'tis I!"

Over mountains rugged and steep,
Wearily I must climb,
Fainting perhaps, by the wayside lone,
Many and many a time.

Into valleys where shadows lurk,
In the fanciful light of fear;
But even of Death—the monster grim—
Only a shadow is here.

Courage will strengthen as step by step
Onward my feet are pressed:
Thorny and rough the path may be,
But after, how sweet the rest!

Dimly I see, outlined in the deep,
A thousand undreamed-of joys;
Visions of glorified being, which
Every endowment employs.

Faith will become fruition, then;
Hope will be certainty;
Patience, experience satisfied;
Love will be constancy.

Struggle will calm to blest repose;
Fear into joy intense;
And wisdom encompass *all the*
known—
The goal of my recompense.

I AM FREE.

One dark, dark night I asked the stars,
That glinted through the sunset bars,
Glittering with resplendence bright,
And quivering with joy's delight,
To list awhile to my appeal;
The secret tell me of their weal;
To give me words to rend my fate,
My heavy chains to mitigate;
And such strange words fell on mine
ears,
While I sat gazing through my tears,
That seemed to come from the lofty blue
Borne on the wings of starlit dew,
And gently guided straight to me,
"O soul, cry out, I am free! I am free!"

And sitting in the shadow land,
I heard but could not understand;
I shook my head and turned my face
To where the flowers grew apace.
I thought they could more plainly hear—

Perhaps because they were more near—
My sad lament, my heavy sigh,
Than the glorious stars so far on high;
And true, they did; in a moment fleet
There came a waft of fragrance sweet,
Dashing against my fevered heart,
With the tenderest touch love could im-
part,
But the words I heard were the same to
me,
"O soul, cry out, I am free! I am free!"

I gazed upon them in their beds;
My woe had turned their pretty heads.
I'll ask the birds; in their warbles sweet
I'll surely find some word that's meet,
To lift my gloom, release my breast,
Enslaved with shadows of unrest;
But when I told them of my woe,
They warbled wildly and fluttered so
I only caught 'mong the merry notes
Caroling from their sunny throats,

Those same strange words sung right at
me,
"Cry out, O soul, I am free! I am free!"

I bowed my head; they did but dream.
I'll go and ask the sparkling stream;
It bubbles and chatters in plainer words
Than stars or flowers or even birds.
So I told it how my heart was bound
With triple chains; my soul nigh
drowned
In sorrow; senses tied and oh!
For a word to overthrow—
And the rippling streamlet dimpled with
glee,
As it gurgled, "O soul, cry out, I am
free!"

"What do they mean?" I cried at last—
Just then a laughing zephyr past;
I turned and grasping caught it quick—
My soul with hope deferred was sick—

But when I told my woeful tale,
It swelled into a perfect gale,
And frolicked, whistling about my ears,
Kissing my eyelids, drying my tears,
Cooling my brow and fanning my cheek,
And seemed to try so hard to speak,
But only the same words came to me,
"O soul, cry out, I am free! I am free!"

I answered then in sheer despair,
"You dear, dumb things so sweet and
 fair,
How crushed I am, if you could see
I know you would tell me the power to
 be
Released, set free." "Soul of unrest,
The dear, dumb things have done their
 best,
For each in turn, star, flower and bird,
Has given you the freedom word."
I turned and saw close by my side,
A soul I felt to mine allied;

His eyes were bright as stars, and sweet
His breath as flowers beneath his feet;
His smile outshone the dimpled brook;
His voice, deeper than whirlwinds, took
Its strength and beauty from the bird,
As in sublimest tones ere heard,
He bade me *sar* that I am free,
Whatever chains were binding me.
"In every word is a spirit true,
That surely will return to you.
The seed that in the word doth nest,
A brood of woes or harvests of rest,"
He said; "And if 'tis thus you'll be,
Send forth the words, I am free! free!
free!"

THE ARK OF REST.

On the storm-tossed sea of perpetual
thought,

I beheld an ark. It was richly inwrought
Within and without—a perfected whole,
Suggesting the sweetest repose for the
soul.

O'er the heaving billows it glided along,
As joyous and free as an angel's song;
Nor heeded the turbulence fierce and
high,
No more than a mother's sweet lullaby.

But it soothed and calmed in a thousand
ways,
As oil on the troubled water allays,
And it left in its wake a trail of light,
Like the bow in the clouds dissolved to
white.

For its keel was Truth and its beams
were strength;
Its height and depth and its breadth and
length
Were fulness of life, while its star-board
ray
Reflected a radiance night and day.

Its windows the raven of doubt release;
Through its open door came the dove of
peace;
And glinting the prow of its noble
breast,
Impearled in the gold were the words, "I
rest."

It was built in the morn of the sweet,
"Be still,"
With the noiseless hand of the power, "I
will;"
And the souls therein when the work
was done,

Were the same in heart and of purpose
one.

As I looked for the name of the glorious
ark,
Like sunburst gleam it flashed through
the dark,
Illumining earth as the heavens above,
With its simple beauty—the oneness of
love.

THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

Within a region bleak and bare
A fountain sprang to life;
With softening, fertilizing power,
Its crystal spray was rife.

Where'er its pure drops, gleaming, fell,
New verdure quickly sprung;
Until the barren rocks and hills
With rich profusion hung.

The wasted wilderness became
A fragrant, flowery bed;
And blossoms, rich in every hue,
The dreary desert spread:

Whose lavish, generating seed,
When sprinkled by the fount,
Increased ten-fold the beauteous store,
A harvest passing count.

The fount flowed on: a broad'ning
stream,

That wound its course among
The valleys till it reached the plains,
Nor there it tarried long.

But gliding north and flowing south,
Branched to'ard the east and west,
Where trees with never-withering leaves
Grew on its bank's warm breast,

And bore imperishable fruit
Of love's ripe, golden yield,
Till earth, transformed and glorified,
A glimpse of heaven revealed.

O blessed fountain! once again
We hail thy holy birth;
Flow on and on, a mighty stream,
And water all the earth.

LIKE UNTO LIKE.

Upon which streams of life, my friend,
Have you unfurled your sail?
Do some of them seem ne'er to bend,
And adverse storms prevail?

Do poverty, disease and death,
With folly, grief and sin,
Seem to assail at every breath,
And hedge your vessel in?

Then veer about, my comrade dear,
With purpose firm and true;
Get into waters broad and clear,
Rush into channels new.

Get in the stream of wealth and note
How circumstances lift;
How swift and smooth your bark will
float,
For gold to gold will drift.

Get in the stream of health and see
How strength the helm will sieze;
For health and vital power can be
Contagious as disease.

Get in the stream where wisdom dives
For pearls of hidden lore,
And learn how quickly knowledge
thrives,
And more will add to more.

Get in the merry stream and see
What joy your heart can feel;
For laughter echoes merrily,
And peal will follow peal.

Get in the stream of virtue pure,
And taste its waters sweet;
Prove for yourself how very sure
Birds of a plumage meet.

Get in the stream of life, my friend,
A stream we all may know;
A sea whose waters never end,
For like to like will flow.

A SIMILITUDE.

A thousand leaves of a lovely rose,
To the passing breezes given,
Were quickly scattered by unseen hands,
O'er earth to the gates of heaven.

They carried them here and there about,
With fingers soft and fair,
Dropping them gently, one by one,
In the great land, "Everywhere."

So the thousand leaves of this lovely
flow'r,
Touched a thousand hearts that day,
Lifting them up from the dust of earth,
From the reach of illusion's sway.

There was healing balm in these velvet
leaves,
Of daintiest pink and white ;

There was oil of joy which calmed and
soothed,
As well as a ray of light.

There was health, and strength, and
hope, and peace,
A potency that could cheer,
And a mystic power that all unseen,
Could banish the sense of fear.

Each leaf had a fragrance all its own,
As well as a beauty rare,
And it nestled deep in the heart it
touched,
Breathing its perfume there.

Then a glad, new song arose from the
hearts,
Late burdened with grief and ache,—
A beautiful hymn whose sweet words
told
That other souls were awake,

To bud and bloom in a thousand leaves,
As pure as the Truth, to bear
The fragrant beauty of godliness
In the land of " Everywhere."

WHO ART THOU ?

I met a gentle youth most wondrous fair,
The sunlight gleamed amid his waving
 hair,
Celestial blue his kindly, patient eyes,
Wherein a world of hidden mystery lies.

I followed him where'er his footsteps
 bent,
As swiftly to and fro he came and went,
In palace, cottage, hovel, day and night,
No contact soiled his garments, spotless
 white.

I saw him sit beside the famished poor,
And feed them from some secret, un-
 known store;
I saw him lift with tender, soft embrace,
A mortal fallen in life's hurried race.

He burdens raised of seen and unseen
weight;
Kindness returned for undeserving hate;
A blow, if aimed at him, he'd deftly miss,
And straightway give the offender's
cheek a kiss.

He hid youth's folly; over censure's eyes
Placed soft his hand; with timely word
disguise
Bold slander's tongue; bade malice
cease,
And silenced discord with harmonious
peace.

He stirred life's sweets in many a bitter
cup,
Withheld the hand that would of error
sup;
Uprooted sharpest thorns and foulest
weeds,
Implanting in their stead flower-bearing
seeds;

Infused new hope into despairing souls;
Led back the lost to rectitude's fair
 goals,
And tripping softly, lightly here and
 there,
He gathered up life's tear drops every-
 where.

"O, youth!" I cried, "pray tell me who
 art thou?
And whence this light effulgent on thy
 brow?
Whence camest thou? Hast thou an
 abiding place?
Methinks where'er I go that step I
 trace."

"I came not, for I always was," said he;
"I am, and nevermore shall cease to be;
God's universe is my abode; this light,
 heaven's glow.
Yet few behold me, or beholding, know."

Then rising, with his garments flutter-
ing white,
He vanished from my rapt, bewildered
sight;
But sweetly came the last of his reply.
In soft, clear voice, "Immortal love am I!"

THE LIVING SOUL.

One pure, white ray of perfect light,
Emerging from the Whole;
An issue forth from Deity,
Is every living soul.

Its face turns inward to that Light
From whence it emanates;
Its work well done, back to its Source
It swiftly gravitates.

Its feet are tireless as they climb
The ladder of its "days,"
And ever from its holy lips
There come but words of praise.

One hand holds fast its grasp on God,
The other feels its way,
And gathers up the glistening threads
Of knowledge day on day ;

Until it weaves a robe more fair
Than tongue can ere express,
And clothes itself with wisdom, peace,
Love, joy and righteousness;

With meekness, power and majesty,
With nameless beauty, too,
And learns the secret how to make
Old things forever new.

Sin, illness, dissolution, grief,—
None of these errors clutch
The Soul of souls which is for aye,
With Deity in touch.

But inward, broad, and deep, and
high,
Expanding as it yearns,
It sees afar its native goal,
To which it now returns.

With eyes fixed steadfast on that Light,
Its steps it will retrace,
Back, whence it came from God, to God,
Till meeting face to face.

A ROCK IN THE MOUNTAIN'S BREAST.

In a weary land I wandered,
Tired of limb and sore of heart;
All my sordid riches squandered
In an unrequiting mart.
Hungry, thirsty, sick with sadness,
Lonely, though a host surround;
Faint with weakness, blind with mad-
ness,
Prone I lay upon the ground.

Hot and dry mine eyes were burning,
With a dim, uncertain light,
When, uplifting them with yearning,
In the distance—what a sight!
One great Rock, clean-cleft, projecting
From a towering mountain's breast,
Stretching out, with sense protecting,
Beckoning me to come and rest.

Gathering up my strength remaining,
On I went, though weak and lame;

And it seemed the Rock was straining
To approach me as I came;
Seemed a living, moving being,
Girt with an almighty strength,
As unto its presence fleeing,
Underneath I stood at length.

Hidden from life's hot confusions,
Covered from the rain of scorn;
Shielded from its bright illusions,
Mantled from its blasts forlorn;
In the crevices I nestled,
Walled securely round about,
With the world no more I wrestled,
Guarded thus from all without.

O the shelter of that mountain's
Massive, overshadowing Rock!
Like the famished to a fountain
Would the world-enweariéd flock,
Did they know how gently tender,
Soft as peace with love enrive,

Falls its shadows, but to render,
Unto all the perfect life.

THOUGHT AND I.

Thought and I went wandering idly
Over life's entrancing plain;
Given the reins we traversed widely,
Letting naught our steps retain.

Sought we late and sought we early,
Jeweled meadows, blossoms gay;
Golden sunlight, streamlets pearly,
Dauced before us all the way.

Softly midst their green leaves dream-
ing,
Blushing roses thickly lie,
In their fragrant beauty seeming
But to bloom for thought and I.

Till replete and overflowing,
We of sweetness heedless grow;
Turn aside, no care bestowing
Whither now we wandering go.

Then 'tis thorns and withered grasses
That we find as closely by;
Filling up the wayside passes,
Seemingly for thought and I.

Even when the air was cheery
With a sweet, melodious hum,
If we looked for storm-clouds dreary,
They would never fail to come,

Till we grew so chilled and saddened
Hope breathed but a bitter sigh;
Sunny life no longer gladdened
Heavy-hearted thought and I;

So we turned from paths so lonely,
Sought again the bright and fair,
And we found them, waiting only
To be gathered, everywhere.

Thought and I, experience reaching,
Drew the reins where gloom reclined;
Having learned the lesson teaching
What we seek for, that we find.

A DROP OF GOLD.

A golden drop fell at my feet,
I raised my eye from whence it came,
And found to my surprise and joy,
The fields and hills with beauty flame.

Not one, but countless leaves of gold,
With myriads dipped in wine's deep
glow,
And scarlet branches, flecked with green,
In loveliest confusion grow.

The crimson shrub and purple vine
Mongst silvery foliage deftly weaves;
Until all lines of summer's flowers
Survive again in autumn leaves.

A veil of amber, soft as sleep,
O'er all in restful beauty lay;
And wrapped within its dreamy folds,
I knew no more of earth's decay.

This was death's season, so 'twas said,
And I, downcast, had walked the earth,
Not knowing that which men call death
Is resurrection through new birth.

I'd trod upon the brown, damp leaves,
That seemed to whisper, all are dead,
And had not thought to lift my eyes
And see what might be overhead.

But with the drop of gold there came
A message clothed in heav'n's array;
It bade my soul look up and see,
All that lives well, lives on away.

REGENERATED.

I see new beauty everywhere!
The universal earth
Looks bright and beautiful, as if
Rejoicing in new birth.

The glories of the springtime ne'er
Have seemed so sweet before,
E'en though for many a passing year
I've scanned them o'er and o'er.

The myriad flowers, unfolding soft,
The sunset's roseate hue,
Hold marvels of a rich surprise
That are to me quite new.

The firmament, so darkly deep,
The stars without a flaw,
Enchain my lips, withhold my breath,
With admiration's awe.

In every passing face I meet,
Those hitherto unfair,
I see a sweetness, beauty, wit,
A something lovely there.

And what has wrought this wondrous
change
Abroad in all the land,
That no one seems to share with me,
I can not understand.

I ask of friends, "See you no change
In season, flower, or face?
"Nay," they reply, "'tis all the same,
No difference can we trace."

I turn to learned books and search
Their volumes through and through,
But find the mystery unexplained
In ancient lore or new.

So, one by one I lay them all
 Away upon the shelf,
And stop—ah, now I think I see—
 The change is in myself !

SONNET.

The breaking clouds loom in the western sky,
And point the ether blue like gold-tipped
wedge,

As daylight, lingering, rests on twilight's edge
To breathe a soft good-night as stars draw
nigh.

The storm has spent its fury, grand and wild,
Has ceased to hurl its fierce clouds through
the air.

Night's somber mantle falls with gentle care
On nature, sleeping as a wearied child;
Fierce tempests oft are followed by great calm,
As deepest shadows fall from strongest light;
And thus the soul, emerging from earth's
blight,

Draws near the close of life's tempestuous
psalm,

Directs its eyes to peaceful hills above,
And rests securely in the arms of Love.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

There's a destined goal when the storm-swept
soul,

Must drift in its fragile bark;
When no human will can the waters still,
Nor cleave a rift in the dark.

When the heavens eclipse, and the dark dew
drips

On the boundless sea of night ;
And the faith star laves in the purple waves,
And leaves not a trace of light.

When the chastening rod prompts the cry,
"My God !

Why hast thou forsaken me?"
And the cruel pain leaves a crimson stain,
On the crucifixion tree.

Tis the helpless hour when no mortal power
Can rescue, though near and dear;
For an unseen hand holds the destined land,
And alone the bark doth steer.

'Tis the midnight hush ere that glad day's
flush,
When the sun shall ne'er go down;
When the chaplet of thorn from the brow will
be torn,
For a conqueror's glowing crown.

'Tis the burial gloom of the rock-bound tomb
In which each soul is born,
Ere the angels nigh with triumphant cry
Break the resurrection morn.

In the final strife for the higher life
The struggling soul will meet
The eternal clasp, the omnipotent grasp
In a unity complete.

SPIRITUAL ALTITUDE.

When the realm of thought I wander,
 Wrapt in solitude intense,
Soul and body cleave asunder,
 Time and thought are lost to sense.

Clothed with brightness as th' Eternal,
 Vests a never-setting sun,
Winged aloft to heights supernal,
 Motionless I journey on.

O, how vast, how grand, how boundless!
 Wave on wave of light appears;
Yet the silence is all soundless,
 Save the music of the spheres.

E're before me burns a jewel
 In a golden splendor set,
Dipped in flame of holy fuel,
 Beckoning higher, higher yet.

And afar I see the confine
Of a city long been sought—
Strong, eternal, bathed in sunshine,
Built by pure, celestial thought.

Then I'm filled with heaven-born long-
ing;
Aspirations grand outpour;
Love and hope and transport thronging,
Flood my being o'er and o'er.

OLIVET.

After the toil of the busy day,
Thoughtfully treading the lonely way,
Up to the mountain he went away,
 Jesus, our elder brother.

Soft is his step on the dewy sod,
Ne'er before by such patient feet trod;
Climbing, he reaches the bosom of God,
 Jesus, our elder brother.

Olivet! mountain of holy peace,
Whither he goeth his strength to in-
 crease,
Knowing his need till the conflict cease,
 Jesus our elder brother.

High up the mountain, away from the
 din
Made by the warfare and battle with sin,

Wrapped in the Silence, communing
within,
Jesus, our elder brother.

Jesus for all mankind to provide,
Findeth the path up the mountain side,
Leaving the print of his feet to guide
Up to the top of the mountain.

Then thither thy footsteps bend at eve,
Grace to replenish, strength to receive;
Fast to the Rock in the mountain
cleave,
Rest on the Heart eternal.

When to earth's valley again ye go,
Down to the multitude waiting below,
Take in thy lips the branch to bestow,
Gleaned on the mount of Olives.

Olivet! radiant with Love divine,
Knowing no darkness at day's decline;
With a peace-benediction past define,—
God in His holy temple.

LET LOVE BEAM.

O let love beam! Send forth its rays afar,
From earth's deep heart to the remotest star;
And let its sparkling splendor, pure and
white
Like showers of diamonds on the world
alight.

When through the heart—its prism—'twill
radiate,
And break in vivid colors, animate
With life and joy and beauty—blessings rich,
'Twill pierce each crevice and the darkest
niche.

Thus will its living green and violet blue
Vibrate with hope the days of dismal hue;
Its brilliant crimson, with its paler fold,
Will light with trust the misty mornings cold.

Aye, let its brightly gleaming, golden light,
Flash mid-day sun on poverty's dark night,

And let its lustrous shining glimmer where
Bruised hearts are breaking neath their load
of care.

O let love beam! Its powers so manifold,
Encourages the weak, subdues the bold;
'Twill raise the veil of sorrow and dry up
The scalding tears that fill life's bitter cup.

Then looks of agony and cries of pain,
Will break in sunny smiles and laughter's
strain;
The direful art of war no more be known,
For liberty will be the whole world's throne.

Note how God's love-beams tint the roses
fair,
Blending the fragrance and the beauty rare,
And how they interchange—the scent and
glow—
Thus love reacts to bless the giver so.

Then let love beam! Its soft, warm, tender
 rays,
So subtle, penetrate life's deepest maze;
All hardships melt beneath its magic touch,
Which costs so little and which yields so
 much.

RESURRECTION MORN.

O blest resurrection! I wake from death's
dream,
I bathe in Truth's waters and drink of
Its stream;
Mine eyes softly open as buds in the
spring,
And God I see shining through every-
thing.

The birds have Its voice, and the trees
have Its robe,
The hill-tops re-echo It, thrilling the
globe;
The streams bear Its smile and the sea-
waves Its laugh,
The wind breathes Its secret while scat-
tering earth's chaff.

The stars are Its eyes in the blue vault
above,
The sun is the wealth and breadth of Its
Love;

The clouds are Its presence by night and
by day,
The moon's placid light speaks Its power's
gentle sway.

From the breath of the flowers to Niagara's
sweep,
From the unfettered beast to the worms
that creep,
From the mystic bow to a bee on the
wing,
I see the Creator through everything.

Invisible God! through the things that
are seen,
We dimly perceive what creation may
mean;
Till we penetrate through them with
truth-opened eyes,
And see that behind them there silently
lies,

A glory, a grandeur, that all shall see
 clear,
That heart shall conceive and the veil-ed
 ear hear,
What now is so deftly, so wisely con-
 cealed,
Till the *full* resurrection of man is re-
 vealed.

I AM.

I am stronger than my fears,
I am wiser than my years,
I am gladder than my tears,
For I am His image.

I am greater than my pains,
I am richer than my gains,
I am purer than my stains,
For I am His image.

I am grander than my names,
I am broader than my claims,
I am nobler than my aims,
For I am His image.

I am better than my deeds,
I am holier than my creeds,
I am worthier than my needs,
For I am His image.

I am truer than I seem,
And more gracious than I deem,
And more real than I dream,
 For I am His image.

I have naught with death or birth;
I encompass heaven and earth;
Measureless my power and worth,
 For I am His image.

He whose image thus I bear,
And whose likeness I shall share,
All His glory will declare,
 Through the "I"—His image.

PEARLS OF TRUTH

"What is truth?" have asked the sages,
Step by step throughout the ages.
Human need the answer gauges
Through its pearls from sacred pages.

* * * * *

"Living water," from a fountain,
Flowing at the soul's demand;
Springing from a Rock whose greatness
Shadows in a weary land.

"Bread of heaven" daily falling
From above--life-giving food;
Eaten without fear of scarceness,
And for every hunger good.

"Oil of joy" upon the waters,
Troubled after morning's calm;

Stilling every throbbing heart-wave,
With its peaceful, healing balm.

"Tree of life" whose pleasant fruitage,
Yielding everlasting store,
All may reach, and freely gathering,
Eat and live forevermore.

"Holy crest of Zion's mountain,"
Worn with paths of righteousness,
From whose Horeb heights there
shineth
Full perfection, man to bless.

"Morning star" whose radiant bright-
ness
Gloweth undimmed through error's
night,
And whose rays, from the beginning,
Uttereth itself in light.

"Corner stone," so oft rejected
By the builders with disdain;
Knowing not on this foundation
Winds and floods descend in vain.

Royal "seamless garment," woven
Without either flaw or rent;
Touching but its hem of knowledge
Is the truest sacrament.

"Comforter," all wise and holy,
Bearing on its snow-white wings
Honey, from the Rock, that sweetens
Many very bitter things.

"Kingdom of our heavenly Father,"
Where no lie can enter in;
Guarded by the flaming weapon
From the mere approach of sin.

"Good" that holds no dregs of evil,
Pressed the cup and running o'er;

Seventy times on seven though asking,
Ever giving more and more.

"Love," unmeasured and unweighted,
Giving all, expecting none;
Knowing neither tie nor kinship,
Viewing all mankind as one.

"One" that's altogether lovely,
Holy as the spotless lamb;
God is truth, and equal measure,
Truth is God, the great I Am.

ERE LONG.

You shall see the King in his beauty,
Yea, verily, face to face,
And feel his presence around you,
In a sure, everlasting embrace.

You shall see the King in his glory,
And hear his gentle voice speak;
Shall feel his breath on your forehead,
His kiss of peace on your cheek.

You shall see the King in his power,
And tremble with awe at his might,
Yet see that he tenderly careth
For the lowliest thing in his sight.

You shall see the King in completeness,
His splendor of perfected Whole,
For his glory and beauty and power
Are the *real* of your own higher soul.

MIND THE THREADS.

Swift the weaver throws the shuttle,
Back and forward, to and fro;
In the web, close interwoven,
One by one the patterns grow.

Are they clearly seen and perfect,
So that he who runs may read?
Know the threads are strong and valiant
That the web, resistless, feed.

Are the colors bright and lasting,
Then we know the dyes are true;
But if rays of earth's strong sunlight
Fade their brilliant, flashing hue,

Know the threads were only seeming,
Feigning to be grand and pure;
For the colors true and steadfast,
Any light can well endure.

Do not blame the silent weaver,
Weaving what the shuttles hold;
Filled with threads all white and holy,
He will weave you cloth of gold.

Hear the warning—worth repeating—
Of a poet truly wise:
“Watch the thoughts” that fill the shuttle,
“There it is all danger lies.”

Life's the weaver, all unconscious,
Sitting silent by the loom,
Filling in the web immortal,—
Threads that fade, or bud and bloom.

THE WEIGHT OF A TEAR.

I was pretty far gone on the reprobate
way,
And nothing seemed strong enough ruin
to stay;
I'd forfeited honor, position and wealth,
Affection, pride, comeliness, self-respect,
health—
“For what?” do you ask? Have you nev-
er heard tell
Of that potion that's mixed with the
forces of hell?

I was sunken so low there was but a
step more
Between me and—God only knew the
next door!
When slouching one day in an alley's
dark shade,
The touch of a hand on my coat-sleeve
was laid;

It looked like a lily—so pretty and
white—
On a heap of old rags; 'twas a singular
sight.

The volley of oaths on my lips died
away,
And I doggedly listened to what she
would say;
With my head dropped a little to shut
off her eyes,
And hide from my own her look of sur-
prise.
“Why, John !” said the voice, “this is
surely not you ?”
And she said a deal more, courageously,
too.

Her words were so kindly, so tenderly
said,
Yet unmoved and defiant I lifted my
head,

And opened my lips to blasphemously
 speak,
When I saw—trickling downward—a tear
 on her cheek.
Oh, the weight of that tear! Not a word
 could I say,
But, stricken and dumb-like, I staggered
 away.

Away from her presence, but not from
 the tear,
That followed and followed me every-
 where near;
From morning till evening its glistening
 shine,
Around my weak heart-strings endeav-
 ored to twine,
And into my innermost being it pressed,
As prompting to action, yet beckoning
 to rest.

Till one certain day, which I love to re-
call,
It dropped in the mixture and turned it
to gall;
So tiny its size, yet so potent its power,
It dashed from my fingers that very
same hour,
The potion, and broke into fragments
the bowl
That manhood and all it held dearest
had stole.

Oh, the weight of that tear! could hu-
manity see
How it battered down barriers 'twixt
heaven and me,
The fountain of love would more fre-
quently flow
In drops of salvation new life to bestow,
Hope's fresh resolutions to strengthen
and keep,

Aroused by a sympathy speechlessly
deep.

Far better than law, prison door, iron
grate;
Threats, manacles, sermons and lessons
sedate;
Entreaties, persuasions, wise counsels
and prayers,
And all that well-meaning sincerity
dares,
Together or singly, was the mute, touch-
ing plea
Of that beautiful, humanized gem to
me.

I wot but the angels did witness that
tear,
As it fell on a heart that was callous and
sere;
And its mission accomplished they'd lay
it away,

To be weighed in the balance of heaven
one day;
And when in the scale it will silently
roll,
They'll find it exactly the weight of a
soul.

BE STILL.

Be still, O soul, be very still,
If thou wouldst know the Highest will;
It shall be manifest through thee
When thou art from impatience free.

Be quiet, soul; be silent, heart;
The Love divine will not depart,
But consciously abide with thee
When thou wilt love impartially.

There is no restless haste nor speed
Where the Creator doth proceed
To operate Its work divine,
And let Its Light effulgent shine.

When heart, and soul, and sense and,
 and thought,
Profound tranquility have sought,
O truly then the Highest may,
Its will and purpose there display.

THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.

Don't notice the shadows, dear one,
Though loitering in every place;
Just turn them your coldest shoulder
When they stare you in the face,
And know they are only a seeming,
Without any power at all,
Though boldly they dance and flicker
On the edge of life's darkened wall.

Do they seem to tangle your fingers
And clutch you with icy hand?
Do they lay on your heart like a mountain
Of weight you don't understand?
Are they dodging your weary footsteps
And trying to trip up your feet?
My dear, they're the flimsiest nothings
Mistaken for bitter and sweet.

Indeed they are perfectly harmless,
From shadows none need run away;
Peer back of them: look for the substance

There glowing with heavenly ray,
That in the uncertain twilight,
When your eyes with the dusk contends,
You may not flee from the shadow
Of one of your truest friends.

Don't you know e'en the beautiful flowers

You never would think to chide
Will picture the gloomiest shadows
If the light's on the farther side?
Then heed no longer the seeming,
Since the substance is pressingly near,
And the world with its myriad phases
Is the shadow of heaven, my dear.

FAITH'S FRIEND.

Faith has e'er a loving friend
To all her pathways brighten;
Gladly, eager to attend,
And every burden lighten.

Arm entwined in arm they walk
In fair and dismal weather;
Sitting now on thrones they talk
Of conquests made together.

Softly weaving garlands gay,
The friend gathering the roses;
All to crown life's destiny,
Which trusting faith discloses.

Now on pinnacles of praise
They count their kingdom's treasures;
Faith with such a holy gaze,
Her friend in sparkling measures.

Faith has eyes, brave, calm and true,
Uplifted ever higher;
But her friend's are shining blue
And full of flashing fire.

Still, sometimes her friend has fears,
Doubt clouds her face with sorrow;
Then, faith wipes away her tears,
Sure of a glad to-morrow.

Faith is far the stronger one,
Her friend, 'tis true, the fleeter;
Often when faith struggles on,
Her friend laughs all the sweeter.

But although her cheery smile,
Of help is always ready;
Faith is plodding on the while,
To keep her footsteps steady.

Faith's fair friend it is that gilds
The future with endeavor;

But 'tis faith—the worker—builds
That which lasts forever.

Faith, ah, Faith! Who then can cope
With thy strong, steadfast gleaming?
Surely not thy friend—sweet Hope—
Though she excel in beaming.

THE SECRET.

There is plenty to love in this world so
glad,
No heart need be empty, lonely nor sad,
If the flood of affection will broaden and
veer,
Outside of the self-entombed, narrow
sphere.

There are myriads of objects beseech-
ing for love,
From the beautiful flowers to the stars
above;
From the bird's soft notes to the trem-
bling lyre,
From the lisping babe to the white-
haired sire.

There are treasures without and treas-
ures within;

The joys that may be and the griefs that
have been;
'Twere better to love a memory, or hope,
Than slay the emotion, or limit its scope.

The world is so full of the sweet and the
true,
Just waiting with wide-open arms for
you,
To tenderly gather, uplifted the while,
By a touch of the hand or a kindly smile.

Look upward, look downward, look
whither you will,
There's something worth loving, life's
cravings to fill;
No one need go desolate, hungry or lone.
If love has but made in the heart its
throne.

Who loves not at all, neither little nor
great,

Impoverishes surely his noblest estate;
For he knows not—has not that in his
soul,
Wherein lies *the secret* of all control.

ANGEL OF PEACE.

I felt so strangely happy and at peace
With God and man and all created things;
Sweet odors of rare incense filled the air,
And gentle motion as of pluming wings.

The night drew on apace; when daylight
fled,
I laid me down with sweet, contented
sigh;
My soul had heard aright; expanding
soft
An angel's thought had touched me
passing by.

ONE LIFE.

Shall one unto another say
 "I'm holier than thou,"
When all must tread the self-same paths
 In the eternal *Now*?

And if, perchance, this were not true,
 Pray where would justice be?
Should harder tasks be given to you
 Than what are given to me?

Would it be just that you should know
 The bitterness of sin.
And I, without a taint or stain,
 To heaven be ushered in?

Great Buddha taught, in lesson wise,
 "Shun no man's garment, thou,
For on the morrow it may be
 Upon thyself I trow."

And thus the Master Teacher taught:
"Boast not thyself, I say,
For what to-morrow may bring forth
Thou knowest not to-day."

And Paul, apostle called of God,
Writ with his holy pen:
"There's no temptation waits you but
Is common to all men."

Then waywardness and strife and guilt--
The thorns that pierce the clay--
Are things but written in the sand,
And shall be washed away.

When wave on wave the surges deep,
Of expiation roll,
And with their bitter waters cleanse
And purify the soul,

E'en they with scarlet robe enswathed
Shall not be lost--ah no!

But every crimson thread shall be
Purged whiter than the snow.

The poor shall know the snare of wealth,
The rich, the sting of want;
He who derides and sneers to-day
To-morrow feels the taunt.

And every phase of good or ill,
Of gladness, hope, despair,
Of every grief and bliss, each one
Must taste sometime, somewhere.

And so with talents, graces, faults,
With virtues great and small,
Endowment equally defined,
God has bestowed on all.

That in the Eons' ceaseless march,
Each must all problems solve
Of life, from low to high, the same
Ideal to evolve.

Thus none need mourn and none can
boast;

All share the self-same fate,
To-day, to-morrow, or therein
Some pre-existent state.

Who then can shun another's garb,
Or boast of any lot,
Since this is law unalterable
One tittle or one jot?

Whate'er the aspect of to-day,
If censure or applaud,
There's but one life, one law, one way,
One brotherhood, one God.

WISDOM'S SEVEN PILLARS.

"Look to the Rock from whence ye are hewn."

Isa. 51:1.

Above the marble, pure and white,
Stands Wisdom with her chisel keen,
Ere yet the hand of conscious thought
Had traced a line that could be seen.

With eyes unveiled, all undismayed,
She gazed upon the seamless block;
Then with unerring, faultless aim,
She clave into the solid Rock.

With swift, successive, dextrous blows,
Out of its massive breadth and length,
And all its vast dimensions great,
She fashioned well the pillar, *Strength*.

On this she stood, immovable,
For through its every pore and vein

The self-same life and power prevailed
Which doth the solid Rock contain.

With feet fixed firmly, standing sure,
She carved with steady hand and true
The pillar *Courage*, dauntless, brave,
All vibrant with Rock-substance, too.

With *Courage* for her strong defense,
She clave into its depths below,
And, chiseling softly, from its heart
She caused the pillar *Faith*, to grow.

Then seeing that these pillars three
Would need a shield from pride's pretext
To guard them from the world's allure,
She carved the pillar *Meekness*, next.

Now well content she labored on,
Till from the marble, well defined,

The pillar, *Justice*, stood revealed,—
With impartiality quite blind.

Yet deeper still she cut with blows
That well-nigh clave the Rock in two ;
When, lo, from out its inmost breast,
The pillar, *Love*, was brought to view.

Once more that wise, unerring hand
Must strike ere yet her work shall
cease ;
So with one powerful, master stroke,
Was hewn the pillar, *perfect Peace*.

Then gazing fondly on her work,—
Not purposeless, but with a plan,—
She raised her eyes aloft and cried,
“Behold God’s Son—perfected Man!”

DAY OF REST.

O glorious day, wherein I feel
The peace which is eternal, real,
Fixed in me as its dwelling place,
And all my being interlace.

O sweet, glad day, O day of rest,
Now that of me which is the best,
Reigns only in my consciousness,
And spends itself to bless and bless.

O sacred day, in which I know
From whence I came and whither go;
The path I long have sought is found,
My feet are treading holy ground.

O bright, rare day, in which I see
The knowledge which the soul sets free—
That Love is power and Truth is might—
O sabbath of eternal Light!

THE BREAD OF HEAVEN.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good."

I had tasted of every pleasure
The world calls rare and sweet;
I had eaten of every error
Peculiar to wandering feet;
I had tasted of every sorrow,—
The fruit of the errors sown,—
But the wholesome foods of the ransomed
Were, as yet, to me unknown.

Still I ate and ate without relish,
All that which the world calls good,
Till the after-taste grew so bitter,
I could eat no more if I would;
Beside, there was something within me,
Beseeching, unsatisfied,
Though to quiet its restless longing
I had tried and repeatedly tried.

But there came a day when the *seeming*
 Burst open like overripe shell,
And I caught a glimpse of the viands
 This hunger alone could quell;
Of the food that eternally nourished,
 Of the wine that would satisfy,
And I tore the shell into fragments,
 With a shout that re-echoed on high.

Now I tasted of hidden manna,—
 The bread which the heavens supply;
I drank of celestial waters,
 After which one can not die;
I scented the fadeless flowers,
 And feasted my opened eyes
On the luxuries growing abundant
 In the garden of Paradise.

I plucked from the tree of Knowledge,
 Gold apples with wisdom rife;
With weariless fingers gathered
 Rare fruits from the Tree of Life;

I ate from the sumptuous table
Prepared by the Lord on high,—
Our own true, spiritual being,
The *real* of you and I.

The essence of all life's sweetness,
When gleaned from the realms above,
I drank in a cup o'erflowing
With His compassionate love;
I ate of His tender mercies,
His promises naught can break,
And drinking deep draughts of His substance,
His gentleness made me great.

I filled myself with His courage,
His purity, strength and truth,
Till I was a new-made creature,
With the health of eternal youth;
I ate of His heavenly nature
Till inwardly satisfied,

Except with an ardent longing
My *bread* with all to divide.

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